

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 63 to 65 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGLUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

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VOLUME 59.....NO. 20,863

LENS AND ARMENTIERES.

THE evacuation of Lens and Armentieres, officially announced by the German War Office yesterday, will be immediately hailed as supporting the belief that Germany is prepared to withdraw her forces from French and Belgian territory.

Pressure that has forced the German High Command to give up Lens, the chief coal city in France, and to fall back from Armentieres, which is only seven miles from Lille, the biggest manufacturing centre in Northern France, is too formidable to be longer concealed even from the German public.

The War Office in Berlin has worn out the phrases "shortening the line," "taking up our new positions," "retiring to strong positions previously prepared." These no longer cover the plain fact that German armies are unable to stand the terrific hammering they are getting from British, French and Americans on the western front. This week Lens and Armentieres pass into the Allies' hands. How many days to Lille?

Lille and the Lens coal district have long represented a vital part of the French territory occupied by the enemy. The Belgian advance threatens his submarine bases on the coast. The French are pushing on north of Rheims. American forces further south fill him with fears for the safety of German soil.

Day by day his lines of defense crumple, his inner lines of communication are more and more seriously menaced.

Under the circumstances the German High Command may well feel that the only thing to do is to explain in advance a great German retreat to Germany's frontiers. Hence the reported remarks of Gen. von Falkenhause's Military Secretary to the effect that the German Army in Belgium would return to the German frontier "in order to show the world that we really want to defend our country."

Between what they are trying to show the world and what they dare not show the German people, these must be wearing days for the War Lords.

To explain the evacuation of Lens and Armentieres in a way that shall prepare Berlin for the loss of Lille and worse to follow!

Small wonder if the German High Command is getting ready to work the "defense of the Fatherland" slogan to the limit.

FOR FAMILY DEBATE.

TRADE reports indicate that American women are buying more freely than ever before while men are economizing, notes the American Exchange National Bank of this city in its monthly letter for October:

The decrease in purchases of goods which men chiefly consume is due in part to the large number already in the military and naval services of our country; but, beyond this, the restriction of trade is undoubtedly the demand for work clothes for men has increased, while sales of finer clothing and furnishings have dropped off sharply. On the other hand the garment trades report a gain of nearly one-third in sales of women's dresses as compared with last year. In coats and waists for women the increase in the number of garments made is small, but the increase in value exceeds 35 per cent.

This raises a timely question for family debate, viz.: Who's the better economizer when it comes to personal outlay—always granting that the obligation to look well makes far heavier demands upon a woman than upon a man?

Doesn't it look as if—even allowing for a wide difference in the tastes of their respective wardrobes—the man was the more willing to buy fewer or cheaper articles while the woman, if she has been accustomed to a certain quality of garment, sticks to it even at a higher price?

The larger demand for men's working clothes is highly satisfactory evidence that "work or fight" is no joke. But what about this:

Sales of small commercial white diamonds and other articles costing not more than \$100 have increased and the trade looks for a volume of Christmas business in such lines that will break all previous records. Most of such wares are bought by or for women.

Men spending more time in their working clothes and more wives getting small white diamonds. It's been the same economic story since the days of the Pharaohs. And it hasn't worked out so badly, either.

After all, such change as war demands is not the reversal of an admirable and eternal differentiation, but only a little extra hard thinking and self-denial for a great emergency.

"Drafting" Liberty Loan Slackers

A LIBERTY LOAN "draft board" in Lansing, Mich., is putting over the loan with ease, according to Charles H. Davis of the Lansing Chamber of Commerce, who came to New York with the suggestion that it be used in future loans and financing for war needs.

"We only draft slackers," said Mr. Davis. "We do not get after them until the volunteers have done their share. We start in by making a census through gas and electric company records and those of employers, whether of one man or a thousand. In this way we get a line on who ought to buy bonds and about how much they should be able to take."

"Then we set two days for the 'volunteers.' Every one in Lansing is expected to sign their 'volunteer card,' which really is a subscription blank. These blanks go through a sort of clearing house, where they are checked off against our census lists."

"Up to this point it has been all 'volunteer' subscribing. We have kept away from imperative commands to 'buy' or 'lend.' Instead we work with the idea that it is every man's own personal war—let's get together and win it."

"When the checking is completed we call in men who appear to have taken more than they can handle. Lots of patriotic fellows are over-enthusiastic and try to carry too heavy a burden. We do not want this, and unless they say they have more income than our records show we cut down their subscriptions and make the slackers carry the surplus. That leaves our overzealous subscribers just as patriotic when the next loan comes along."

"Then we call in the delinquents. We demand reasons for their failure to subscribe. A few of them have good reasons. A man may have a sick wife and be struggling under a burden of debt we know nothing about. If a delinquent shows good reasons we 'exempt' him and tell him to cheer up and give him a subscriber's badge so he will not feel humiliated when he meets his neighbors."

"The rest we 'draft' into the loan. Just what we will do to the first 'conscientious objector' to the Liberty Loan is a secret. Maybe we don't know ourselves, but so far every one has seen the point. Lansing will be there with its quota for the Fourth Loan and as many more as are needed to win the war. It's easy."

How the Old Place Has Changed!

By J. H. Cassel



Musings of a Matrimonial Slacker

By William V. Pollard

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XII.—Romance of the Thin Girl and the Fat Girl

FROM the moment I saw Angelica, a desire was kindled in me to be nice to her. Bert Graves, who took me to see her, had told me she was painfully thin. And he was right. The poor girl measured about five feet six inches and weighed only one hundred pounds. She looked so fragile that a full sized man felt that a breeze might waft her away any moment.

But Angelica's wit was as sharp as her elbows and in spite of her aneurism any number of men were keen to marry her and pretty soon I became one of the most ardent of her beaux.

As I knew her better I realized that she could be made into quite a beauty if she were not so thin. I explained to her that she would feel much stronger if she fattened up. Yet she was apparently as strong as any one and the most untiring, energetic person I had ever known.

However, I persuaded her to consult a doctor whose specialty was to make fat people thin and thin people fat.

He prescribed a diet of eggs, cream, vegetables, fruit, nuts, raisins, puddings and fresh air. Angelica was instructed to forego dancing, tennis and walking.

"If we are to make a Venus de Milo of you," said the doctor, "you must learn to be lazy and not exert again?" I irritably inquired.

But Angelica, who had come to like the milk and mush diet, kept right on with it. Also she enjoyed her lazy mode of living and resented the least physical exertion. For half a day at a time she lay curled among cushions, in contentment, stuffing herself with chocolates and light literature.

One glorious October evening I found her cuddled before a log fire, smoking a walk.

"Oh, please don't ask me to budge, Billy," she drawled.

"Aren't you ever going to budge again?" I irritably inquired.

"Why should I? I'm perfectly happy," she yawned.

"Oh, Angelica," I pleaded, "can't you see, you're getting too fat."

At that she roused herself and said, "You weren't satisfied with me when I was thin. Now you object because I am too stout. If you can't like me for my real self there are plenty of others who will."

The next time I called, she was entertaining Jack Spink, a dapper little chap, five feet four, weighing about sixty-eight pounds.

He regarded Angelica with absolute approval, which she evidently reciprocated, for when Angelica reached one hundred and seventy pounds they were married.

It is well that he can afford an automobile. For Angelica has probably forgotten how to walk.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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DISCUSSING Naval Reserve Yoe-

man Jack Silver's impending marriage, Mrs. Jarr, Mrs. Rangle, Mrs. Terwilliger and Mrs. Dusenberry all drew up chairs around the centre of interest, Miss Cora Hickett, the bride-elect, in the parlor of Mrs. Jarr's flat.

"And your wedding dress," said Mrs. Rangle, raising her voice above those of her chattering friends, "you'll have to wear something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue. Maybe a second-hand naval uniform for a lady?"

"An' git married with the new moon," said Mrs. Dusenberry of Indiana. "I knowed a gal in Taylor Township what got married at the

wane of the moon; and what was the consequence, hey?"

Seeing that nobody was interested in the consequence, Mrs. Dusenberry raised her voice and quavered:

"She wasn't married a year when she ketched her dress on her face and got burned to death! An' she wasn't cold before her husband married agin!"

"I thank you for your warning," said Miss Hickett, coldly, "but it isn't likely that I will have bread out of doors, unless, of course, I go to France in war work, while my husband is in the Navy."

"Highly timely! Don't put on airs with ME!" snapped Mrs. Dusenberry. "I had nine children and—"

"You were married during the wane of the moon, I assume," said Miss Hickett coldly, "but not in the wane of vital statistics."

"Now don't fret the poor lamb," said Mrs. Jarr sympathetically. She'll have trouble enough after she marries, whether the moon is new or old or full."

"Or the husband," added Mrs. Terwilliger.

"I expect Mr. Silver is different from Mr. Terwilliger," replied Miss Hickett blithely.

She was but a simple maiden in her teens (or a little over), but she was ENGAGED! And if any of that bunch of matrons thought they could put over anything on her they were very much mistaken.

They realized this, too, and a great respect for her overcame them. But what they were wondering most was how the war would affect husbands. Would army and navy discipline interfere with wifely discipline? So they ceased to hackle and began to cackle.

"Tell us how Jack Silver acts!" said Mrs. Rangle, coaxingly. "Does he try to order you around now that he is a foeman—"

"A yeoman," corrected the sailor's fiancée, "and he's like a man in a dream!" she added languishingly.

"Dear, dear Jack!"

Old Mrs. Dusenberry was going to say, "But he'll wake up; they all do," but caught herself in time. Any way, she was trying to puzzle out what the words "vital statistics" meant. They sounded like a chronic ailment.

"When I was first engaged to my Will," said Mrs. Rangle, sentimentally, "he went and bought himself a pair of patent leather shoes and nearly choked to death."

"From patent leather shoes?" asked all the ladies.

"Certainly not! From the high, tight collars he wore as well," answered Mrs. Rangle. "Mr. Rangle was so neat those days, but to look how careless he is in his appearance now one would scarcely believe it."

"Why hasn't the men as neat after they're married as they were before, hey?" asked Mrs. Dusenberry. "I'm sure I allow wore a good black silk dress and a good bunnet on Sundays after I married."

"But all the young men—the real young men—look neat in their uniforms these days," said Mrs. Jarr. All the other ladies, save the bride-elect, shook their heads as though to say the ways of men after marriage were inexplicable. Did conscience tell them that after wives' clothes were paid for there's nothing left for husbands?

"But go on and tell us about Mr. Silver. How does he take it?" asked Mrs. Rangle.

"He's so forgetful," replied Miss Hickett, who was burning to give the details to married or single. "I called him two days on the telephone at the Naval Reserve office and got no answer. So I just had to call around to see if he were ill, that I might nurse him. I belong to the Red Cross and have studied first aid."

"Nursing 'em allus gits 'em," said Mrs. Dusenberry. "They're too weak generally to get out of it."

"And I found he'd left the telephone receiver off the hook constantly," Miss Hickett went on.

"Why, how strange! Mr. Rangle did that when WE were engaged," said Mrs. Rangle. "They are so nervous through love, I suppose."

"My Gabe used to hide in the hay mow," said the lady from Indiana. "Mebbe your feller will do that, too."

But all the ladies denied this. Mrs. Jarr said she was sure there were no hay mows in the navy.

"But the ships take horses across," said Mrs. Rangle.

Whereas Miss Hickett began to sob, prepared for the worst.

NEWEST THINGS IN SCIENCE. A Pennsylvania corporation that has been prospecting for petroleum in Colombia has tapped a well that produces profitably after passing through oil bearing sands.

One new farm tractor has wheels equipped with radiating legs, which enter the ground and grip it, while another literally walks on skids at the ends of four legs.